

Jim Hopper Drabbles by orphan_account

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Summary:

Jim Hopper x Reader drabbles.

Some smutty, mostly fluff.

1. Ice Cream

Author's Note:

My tumblr is: <https://hoppers-donut.tumblr.com/>
I posted these fics there first :)

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: T

“*Jim!*” You dragged out his name, “Pretty please!” Latching onto his arm, you pulled him to face you. He rolled his eyes dramatically as he turned.

“You’re acting like a child.” Hopper mentioned with a chuckle when he noticed your pouted lip. He leaned against the wall, “Go get my keys, and we’ll go.”

The pout quickly turned to a full smile. “Yes!” You whispered loudly, knowing El was most definitely asleep by now. You shuffled out of the bedroom, holding the keys high above your head. He easily snatched them from you, considering how tall he was in comparison. His unoccupied hand held yours until you reached the Blazer.

“I can’t believe you annoyed me so much to the point that I’m driving you to a fucking ice cream parlour at twelve in the morning.” Hopper spoke as if he were mad, but the gentle hand resting on your knee told you different.

“Quite believable to me, Hop.” Your hand reached out to his. It came as a surprise how easy it was for you to get your way with him.

“Why is that?” He huffed an amused breath from his nose.

“Cus’ you love me.” You lean in to kiss his cheek.

“I sure do.”

Hopper reached his arm across your shoulder, “So what flavour you gettin’, vanilla, chocolate-“ He would’ve continued listing flavours if you hadn’t just walked through the door, ding the bell.

The overtired teenager blinked a few times before asking, “What flavour?”

Hopper raised his eyebrows towards you with genuine curiosity. “Hmm, small mint chip please.” Hopper gave you a dirty look as you ordered, because you damn well knew it was his favourite flavour and he only brought enough money for your order.

You smirked up at him when the teenager handed you the ice cream cone. Hopper bent down his head, successfully swiping his tongue over the mint chip. “Hey! Now your germs are all over my ice cream!”

“You don’t say nothin’ about my germs when I’m—“ You nudged him in the stomach with your elbow, reminding him that there was

another person who was much younger than the two of you in the same room. He let out a little grunt from the impact, along with a string of quiet apologies.

“You know mint chip is my favourite!” Hopper scolded playfully when he climbed into the Blazer. You looked up at him innocently.

“It’s my favourite too. Pay more attention to what your girlfriend likes Hop.” You say sarcastically, “You can have my leftovers.”

“Better not be no damn leftovers. I did *not* drive out here at midnight for there to be ‘leftovers’. You better eat the whole damn thing.”

“Mmm I will,” You stop to take a lick, “but thats not what I meant by leftovers Jim.” His eyes noticeably fell heavy, switching his attention from the road to you for a brief second.

“Well you better hurry up n’ eat that.” Hopper said, shifting in his seat, “Cus’ now I’m cravin’ it.”

This time when you taste it, you purposely moan. “Mmmm, fuck. You treat me so well-” The car stops abruptly at a stop sign, driving your nose into the ice cream.

“Oops.”

The sly bastard.

One of his hands holds your face. Leaning in, he wraps his lips around your nose. “*Fuck-*.” Before his sentence is over, his lips are on yours, “You taste delicious.”

2. Allergies

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: T

You sat on the sofa, blanket strung over your shoulders, holding a hot cup of tea. A box of tissues was laid conveniently next to you, along with a trash can for disposal. Hopper had told you about a hundred and one times already—

“Remember, if you need anything, I’m right here.” Hopper reminded you for the one hundred and second time.

“I’m sick Hop, not disabled.” You sniffled, “It’s just allergies.”

Hopper grumbled something incoherent, “I’m gonna take care of you. I don’t care if its ‘just allergies’.” He looked over at you from the kitchen where he was cleaning dishes.

“This happens every year, I’ll be fine—“

“Listen—,” He shouted, then quieted his tone when he noticed you tense up, “Just let me take care of you ok?” His features softened and he ran a hand through his hair. Laying down the plate on the counter, Hopper walked over to the sofa and sat next to you.

His arm reached over your blanketed shoulder. Hoppers other hand gently stroked your thigh. Furrowed brows and caring eyes stared

down at you. You could tell he truthfully cared about your well being. His chest heaved, waiting for you to respond. "Ok." Leaning into his touch, you received a huge smile from him.

"I'm gonna get you some more soup." Hopper whispered into your ear. You nearly cried, seeing how much he cared for you. Your heart broke thinking about how attentive he must've been to his daughter when she was in the hospital. "I'd love that but, I'm really tired." You yawned, stretching your arms and accidentally punching his shoulder.

"Hey!" Hopper smiled. Burying his face into your neck, he peppered it with dozens of overly careful kisses.

"That *tickles!*" You giggled, bringing your arms around his neck. Unlike usual, he didn't deepen the kiss, but instead continued with tiny, chaste kisses. His arms held onto your waist, successfully lifting you when he stood.

Hopper spoke into your neck, "How 'bout... I run you a nice hot bath with whatever scent you want," he interrupted himself by kissing your neck, "then I tuck you into bed, in some nice clean pyjamas," another kiss, this time closer to your ear, "then, we cuddle until we both fall asleep in each others arms. How does that sound baby?"

You literally couldn't stop smiling, "I don't deserve this."

Hopper scoffs, laying you back down on the floor, "You deserve everything. Now, let me get this bath started."

You nod and slump back into the couch. You genuinely feel better after spending time with him. The runny nose you had is still bothering you, but the pounding headache has seemed to fade away.

His forearms were wet, along with the first few centimetres of flannel on his elbow. “I hope it’s not too hot, but from the time I tried to bathe with you I’d say it’s not. Damn water nearly melted the flesh off my bones.”

You take off your shirt and pants, and he closes the door behind him when he walks out. Removing other fabric and tying your hair into a bun, you slide into the hot water. The temperature is fucking perfect, forcing a little sigh from your lips as it relaxed your muscles.

While you were bathing, Hopper brought tissues, allergy medication, water and a plastic bag for the dirty tissues into the bedroom. He even made an effort to put the pyjamas in the dryer right before you got dressed so they were extra fluffy and warm.

Once out of the bathroom and changed into the pyjamas he’d laid out, Hopper cuddled up next to you in bed. Your head laid on his chest. Both of his arms hugged around you, “Good night baby.” He whispered softly into your hair. Too tired to speak, you hummed in response, quickly falling into a peaceful sleep.

3. Movies

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: T

“Hopper! Seriously? You know I hate horror movies!” You slap his shoulder when he sits down next to you after putting the VHS in the slot.

“C’mon live a little. You can bury your face into me during the movie if you need to.” The sly grin Hopper has on his face didn’t go unnoticed. You roll your eyes, but reluctantly lean in closer to him as the movie began playing. His arm makes its way around your shoulders, gently stroking your upper arm.

The movie is quite boring for a horror film, not much happened so far. Your eyes began falling heavy halfway through, tucking your head into his chest—

“Oh Jesus!” Hopper nearly jumps off the damn couch, leaving you confused and annoyed. You hear that his heart rate increased. “I’m sorry... Shit, I’m sorry.” Hopper moves a little to get comfortable again, holding onto you quite a bit tighter than before.

“I was about to fall asleep!” You grumble into his chest, “See, this is why I hate horror movies.” A chuckle erupts from Hopper.

A smirk spreads across his face, “Well, maybe we could go film our own movie. Preferably less gore.” The hand that wasn’t resting on your shoulder moved to your knee, giving it a little squeeze.

You shook your head in disbelief, “Hopper, are you suggesting we make a sex tape?” His eyebrows rose, shifting his eyes to focus on you. “Oh my god, you are. Jesus Jim!”

“What? It could be fun!” Hopper mumbles against your skin, pressing open mouth kisses across your neck and shoulder.

The sensation of his beard makes you giggle, “Yeah? And if El finds it and shows it to her friends?” You grab a fistful of his hair, gently tugging his head from your neck. “What a story that would be, huh?” His eyes stare at you softly.

“She won’t.” His lips find a way back to your neck, arms wrapping around your waist.

Holding back a moan, you whisper, “She found her Mama, I’m pretty sure she could find it.” Your pitch rises, clenching your fingers in his hair.

Holding your waist, he brings you to his lap, “Or we could have sex right now without a camera?” Hopper growls into your ear, sending shivers throughout your *entire* body.

Your eyes flick to the screen, currently theres a sex scene playing. *Great timing.*

You fall off his lap when the sex scene was interrupted by a man with a chainsaw and a lot of overly loud screaming.

Hopper throws his head back, “Oh my god! That was fucking adorable. You ok?” He struggles to speak through the extreme laughter. He puts his hand out to help you up, wiping tears from his eyes with the opposite thumb.

Holding his hand and hoisting yourself up, you join in on the laughter, “You’re an asshole Hopper.”

4. Dancing

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: T

Hopper gently places the needle of the record player on the record. When the music kicks in, he slowly shimmies his way to you. Smiling, you roll your eyes at him. Hopper holds both of your hands in his, willingly pulling you from the couch.

“C’mon, dance with me,” Hopper says, grinning. Once standing, he wraps his arms around your waist. “Been awhile since I’ve seen that smile of yours.” He mentions, seeing a huge grin plastered over your face.

And that’s the truth. It has been awhile since you’ve been happy. “I know... it’s just— I’m sorry.”

“No no no. No sorries allowed,” Hopper buries his face in your hair, moving in time with the beat. Your arms wrap around his neck, raking your fingers through his hair from the back of his neck.

“It’s just, I feel like we’re drifting apart... like, it’s been so long since you’ve even hugged me. I—I don’t know why. It’s weird.” You mumble into his chest, voice muffled. A tear falls from your eye and dampens his flannel.

Humming to the music, he holds you closer, “Darlin’... It’s not your fault. I should’ve been there.” You feel his grip tighten, sniffing against your hair. He pulls his face from your head, making eye

contact, “Sometimes I worry,” You can see tears forming in his eyes. “I’m gonna lose you.”

Putting slight pressure on his neck, you bring his lips to yours, “You won’t lose me. I promise.” A sad smile curves up his mouth as a tear trails down his face. Hopper makes a noise resembling a snort when you kiss the tear from his cheek, “You’re a dream, Hopper.” He chuckles, wiping his eyes clear with his thumb. “Such a handsome man...”

“Says you,” Laughing, Hopper presses a lingering kiss to your forehead, “You’re a fuckin’ snack, ya know that?” Hopper laughs. You blush furiously, thankful that his chest was hiding your face. “Could eat you up.”

You hum out a chuckle, “You sir... You’re a charmer.”

Hopper half-thrusts his hips, subtly grinding against your lower stomach, “That’s how I got ya then, huh? A pretty little lady like you can do better than a old man like me.”

“Do better?” You scoff loudly, making sure he hears it, “There’s no one I’d rather be with than you, Chief.” His grip moves to your hips, pushing himself against you. You don’t complain, instead you move into his touch, keeping rhythm with the music that came from his record player.

He stares at you, big blue eyes soft and inviting. “You mean that?” Hopper’s entire body relaxed, his tone now mellow.

Smiling, you massage his neck, “Yes.” Hopper leaned his head towards you. You ready for a kiss, but instead feel his forehead rest on yours.

For a good few minutes you both stand there, in each others arms, peacefully swaying to the music and murmuring the lyrics to each other. Truthfully, you wanted this to last forever. You wanted to stay in his arms until the end of time.

“You’re so beautiful.” Hopper absorbs his own words with a long kiss to your lips, sighing dramatically as he pulled away.

Completely breathless, you make an attempt to speak, struggling to form a proper sentence, “What a sexy Chief... you are.” A smile tugs at the corner of your mouth.

He grins, pulling you into a warm hug.

5. Mornings

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: 16 +

Rolling over on your side, you slowly manage to open your eyes. The man who laid next to you was still asleep, his back facing you. The amount of times he'd woken you with kisses is getting too high to count. So this time, you decide to return the favour.

Sliding across the mattress, you press your body firm against his bare back. You lean in, burying your face in the crux of his neck. Slowly, you begin leaving wet, open mouth kisses across his neck and shoulders.

You can't help yourself but to leave a few marks, purposely in areas where his uniform wouldn't cover them. Anybody that saw them would know he was *your* Chief. A soft groan comes from Hoppers lips, along with a very mumbled, "Mornin'."

Your mouth leaves his neck, still hovering over it, "Good morning Hop." You greet him, continuing to give him hickeys.

The small and muted noises Hopper makes while you're sucking on his neck never fails to turn you on. Running your hands over his chest and stomach, you're interrupted by a mumble from Hopper, "Move, 'm turnin' over."

You do so, waiting for him to get on his back before straddling him, continuing to kiss his collar bone, savouring the moment since it's

usually him kissing you. He seems to be enjoying it as well, because every time you come up for a breath you notice the stupid grin he's wearing. And you can't help but notice his morning wood pressing on your ass.

Pulling your head from his body for a few seconds, you make eye contact with the half-asleep Hopper, "You like this, don't you?" You tease. A squeal comes from your throat when his large hands grip your hips, pushing you down onto the bulge in his underwear.

"You know it," Hopper makes a sound resembling a growl, fingers running through your messy hair, lightly scratching your scalp. "C'mere," Hopper nearly moans, holding it back by clearing his throat, "Give your man some love."

Grabbing a handful of your ass, Hoppers other hand slides underneath the oversized t-shirt you were wearing. You wrap your lips around his, not caring about how messy you were doing so. "No bra?" Hopper grins against your lips.

You roll your eyes, "No Hopper I don't sleep in my—" Before your sentence is finished, his hand slides past the band of your underwear, touching you in a way that shuts you up. He takes your breath away, kissing you with such intensity it surprises you. You sigh heavily, into his lips.

You hear a creaking noise, and he hears it to, because his head darts in the direction of the sound.

"Jesus! Shit, shit, shit, get off!" He ushers quietly, nearly pushing you

off the mattress. The door squeaks open, revealing a very embarrassed El.

Hopper cleared his throat, scrambling for a shirt in attempt to cover the red marks all over his neck and shoulders. "How much of that did you see kid?" The panic in his voice was evident.

El shrugged with a sheepish smile, "None." She walked into the bedroom very carefully. By the way she approached the bed, it was almost definite she knew what you and Hopper were up to.

He stood up, tugging the shirt over his boxers. You hid the smirk on your face with the bedsheets. But Hopper still noticed it, narrowing his eyes while slipping on pyjama pants. "C'mon let's get breakfast kid. Must be pretty hungry, hmm?" Hopper said, placing a hand on her back.

She replied cautiously, "Yes. Eggos?"

They were already out of the bedroom and in the kitchen, too far for you to hear anything besides a deep and low chuckle from Hopper at the suggestion of eggos and his voice saying, "I'll make an exception for today."

6. Cuddling

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: T

From the way he slammed the door shut, flicked off his hat, and shrugged off his jacket you already knew it had been a shitty day.

Hopper strode into the bedroom, unbothered by his loud boots. Reflexively, you stood from the couch to catch up with him, “What’s wrong H-“

Hopper attempted to slam the door shut on you, but somehow, (even though he was scarily stronger than you) you kept it open. Hopper spun around, meeting your eyes. He sputtered out, “Nope, nope, nope! Don’t even pretend to give a shit!” His face was burning red, hair dishevelled.

His fists were clenched by his sides. As small as the gesture was, it made you feel anxious and vulnerable. Because truthfully, if he decided to come at you, you’d have no chance.

You were literally shaking, so much so that even he noticed it, “You know I care—“ Your quiet whimper was cut off by an overly loud, angry huff.

A fist unclenched to run through his hair, “Bull, fucking, shit.” The way he stared directly into your eyes as he spat out the words that unsettled you. His chest rose and fell in ragged patterns, “And you know it,” Turning his back to you, Hopper silently dismissed you.

Even though you knew what he was doing, there was something about his angry presence and his body language that made you think something terrible happened at work. Something worse than usual. “Hopper...” You gently placed a hand on his shoulder. He shrugged it off, giving you a dirty look.

Hopper sat down on the edge of the bed, beginning to untie his boots. “None of your business what happened.” His jaw clenched, clearly trying his best to hold back from taking a pill or smoking a cigarette.

Feeling especially brave tonight, you decided against your instincts to leave him alone. Instead you approached him, “Before you cut me off... I really do care, and I’d really, really, appreciate it if you didn’t get so mad at me for caring about you.” You took a long pause, examining his face for any signs of increasing anger. “Jim?”

He shook his head, though not in denial. Hoppers eyebrows furrowed, “Can you hold me?” His voice was laced with anger and sadness, something more familiar than it should be.

“Well, Jim you’re about two times my size.”

“Not like that.”

You sit next to him. His head leans in, resting on your shoulder. Unsure what to do, you put your arm around him, like he’s done to you so many times before when you’re sad. Though, it’s much more

difficult this way, considering his broad shoulders.

Eventually, the position the two of you were in grew very uncomfortable, and not just because you were holding him. Hoppers back started to hurt and so did yours, so you settled on lying down in bed together.

Hopper laid his head across your chest, still wanting to be in your embrace. When you massage his scalp he leaned into your touch. The anger in him seemed to fade away, but the lingering sadness was all too noticeable.

Hopper was a broken man, tired of hiding it from everyone. He could go back to pills, but he knew they wouldn't numb the pain nearly enough. An addiction was the last thing he needed right now.

He craved love and acceptance. It was obvious. Hopper missed his wife, even after all these years. But now, he had you. Someone who would provide care and love for him, and you knew he'd do the same for you.

7. Drunk

You knew he was going out for drinks, but in all honesty you didn't think he'd come home and wake you from your sleep with a firm, abrupt kiss to your unexpected lips. His breath and clothes smelt of whisky, along with your now wet lips. You instantly cringed at the taste of alcohol. "You're drunk Jim!" You pushed him off of you.

He stumbled backwards at the push, almost falling into the dresser, "m not drunk," Hopper murmured, positioning himself so he was hovering over you once again, "jus' drunk on you." The smirk tugging up the side of his lips was topped off with a wink.

Smiling, you roll your eyes at his shitty joke, still using your arms to hold his chest so he doesn't fall on top of you. "Get off you drunkard." You tease him, pushing him so he rolls next to you. "I'm not making out with you,"

Hopper turns to face you, eyebrows knitted together, "You don' want me?" His words were mumbled and slurred, barely understandable. But the concern in his voice was easy to pick out, even through all the slurring.

"Not while you're drunk!" You state, and you almost feel bad for denying him, but then you remember, it was the alcohol talking. You knew he would do the same if you were the drunk one.

"Lov' you s'much." Despite being rejected, Hopper still decides to give you heartfelt- half- drunk compliments. "m so lucky, havin' someone so pretty like you." His fingers run through your hair. Even though he's drunk, the compliment still makes you blush and curl into his gentle touch.

When you reach out to play with his beard, Hopper closes his eyes and smiles a huge, goofy grin. "You're such a cutie when you're drunk." You coo, scratching his jawline. Since he was been with you, he rarely gets drunk anymore. But from the times he has gotten drunk, he's been an absolute softie.

Hopper giggles, rubbing his bearded cheek against your soft hand.

His beard, although very stubbly, was very soft tonight. “‘m real cute.” Leaning in, you press a chaste kiss to his lips. When you reopen your eyes, his are still shut, smile still growing as the realization set in.

“You sure are.” You close your eyes, feeling his feet rubbing against your legs. His body heat never fails to warm you up. Hoppers soft hums of pure drunkenness filled the quiet room as you tried to fall back asleep.

8. Kissing

Summary for the Chapter:

E (18+)

Jim stood by the stove, cooking french toast for you, El and himself. You had always thought that Jim Hopper wouldn't be a good chef, but was happily surprised the first time he made breakfast for you.

Hopper looks over his back when he hears your footsteps, "Good mornin' darlin'." You hold onto his shoulder so you can kiss his cheek.

"Always a good morning with you," This time, he turns his face so you can kiss his lips.

"Breakfast later?" He asks, moving the pan off the heat.

You nod your head and his hands are instantly on your hips. Hopper lifts you onto the counter, forcing a little squeal from your lips. Nudging your legs open, he steps between them. His lips don't leave yours for a second.

You throw your arms over his shoulders, pulling him closer to you. Hoppers hands work hastily to remove your pants and shirt. When the shirt comes off, Hopper lets out a grunt of approval when he notices that you had no bra on.

Wasting no time, he slid off your panties, leaving you completely naked on the counter top. "You're overdressed." You whimpered into his neck as he sucks on yours.

Hopper unbuckles his belt, kicking off his pants. "Someone's a little eager this mornin', huh?"

You hums in response, feeling his his fingers massage your leaking pussy. "Always so wet for me," Hopper says in awe, dipping his forefinger into you slightly. An exaggerated sigh from his lips is added to your gentle whimpers, "Isn't that right baby?"

"Always..." You tense up, praying he uses more than his forefinger soon.

"Do you get this wet when you're touchin' yourself baby?" Before you could possibly answer, his lips are wrapping around yours. Not in a hungry, lust filled way, but in a passionate and slow kiss that nearly steals your soul.

"So needy," He teases, grinding his cotton clad erection against your warmth, "Your pussy's practically beggin' for my cock to be shoved inside." Hopper murmurs almost to himself. His words drive you crazy, the need to feel all of him burning hotter, becoming more noticeable with every touch.

You moan into his mouth, nipping his bottom lip. Hopper roughly grabs your tit, rolling your nipple before pushing the waist band of his underwear down. "Such a pretty little pussy," Hopper praises, rubbing the swollen head of his cock against your folds. "Tight and

fuckin' perfect."

Hoppers exhale quivers as he edges into you, allowing you to feel every vein on his cock while he sucked the sensitive skin on your neck. Increasing his speed, his thrusts become more harsh as desire took over.

"Hop! Jesus!" You squeak, hearing a deep growl come from his throat. Hopper holds your ass and pulls you into his hips. Your body suddenly erupts with pleasure, gripping his shoulders while you rode out your intense climax.

Your orgasm pushes him over the edge too. Enjoying the loud grunts and pants coming from Hopper, you bury your face into his neck as you both collect yourselves.

"That was fun." You mention casually, playing with his messy hair.

He snickers, "Yeah, it was." You notice the smirk crawling up his face. "Round 2?" Hopper offers, lifting you off the counter and into his arms.

You giggle, swinging your arms over his shoulders. Hopper carries you into the bedroom, slamming the door shut behind him with his foot.

9. Date

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: M (16+)

You were a little more than excited when Jim had asked you out on a proper date. Though you were together for a while now, the two of you rarely went out on dates anymore. ‘Dates’ consisted of watching movies in the cabin with El.

Maybe you dressed a little too fancy, and maybe you were a little too anxious when you walked out of the bedroom to greet him. But when Jim said, “Goddamn,” you instantly felt the anxiety wash away.

“You look pretty good yourself Chief.” You return the compliment as he stands up.

Hopper gently cups your face, kissing you briefly. Hand in hand, you begin your short walk through the woods to where his blazer was parked.

When finally at your destination, he insists on opening the passenger door for you because “You never rest,” which might be true, but you still think it’s slightly ridiculous.

Hopper wraps his arm round your shoulder, making it obvious to anyone that saw, you two were a couple. It made you only slightly uncomfortable since he was so much bigger than you.

The waiter wore a fake smile as he greeted you and lead the two of you to an empty booth. He gave you menus and water, disappearing for a while to let you decide what to eat.

“What you gettin’?” Hopper questioned, staring mindlessly at the menu. He rubbed his chin, which was indescribably sexy in so many ways.

All the options on the menu looked too fancy for your taste. Your mouth watered thinking about drenching bread rolls in butter. “I’ll probably get a salad.” You say, completely unsure whether or not that was true.

He snickers at your choice, “No need to punish yourself darlin.” Raising the glass of water to his lips, you’re genuinely confused at how he manages to be so desirable without even trying. “You’re reading me like I’m on the menu, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” You shake your head, blinking rapidly.

Hopper doesn’t question you, he just furrows his brows and sucks his teeth. “Well,” he takes a harsh breath, “I’m gettin’ a steak.” You nod at his choice, praying the waiter comes back soon. “But you’re lookin’ pretty delicious as well.”

You feel your cheeks go hot, along with every other part of your body. “Fuck Hop, we’re in public.” You clear your throat, knowing his words ignited a flame inside you.

“Never stopped you from suckin’ my cock.” The unexpected vulgarity in his words cut through you like a knife.

“That was... one time.” You fold your hands on the table, clearing your throat once again. His hands reach out to hold yours. The smirk on his face sends sparks of desire to your lower abdomen.

“You got into it though,” Hopper nods slowly, “had it all down your throat.” You widen your eyes, shocked at how loud he’s speaking.

“Jim! Be quiet! Others will hear!” You warn in a hushed tone.

“You don’t want anyone else to know ‘bout how deep you had me? Cause *fuck*, they’d be impressed baby girl.” He continues to speak in a voice that’s considered a little too loud for a restaurant, and a little too... sensual.

Your eyes flick over to a table of older teenagers who were sneaking places at you, “People are staring!”

“And when I came you swallowed it all up, didn’t you baby? Licked me clean.”

“I’ll do anything if you shut up!” The smug grin you received made you instantly regret your choice of words.

“Anything? Damn baby, you must really want me to be quiet.” He

pauses, and from the expression on his face you can tell he's thinking.
"Do it again for me." *There it is.*

"Hop..." You sigh, folding your lips in. He raises his eyebrows at you.
"What? Now?"

"Yeah, in the bathroom." He stands up, "C'mon, before the waiter gets back." You scoot out of the booth, anxiously following him to the bathroom.

10. Birthday

Summary for the Chapter:

Rating: E (18+)

“Where are you Y/N?” Hopper calls out while shrugging off his coat and belt.

“In the bedroom,” You say, sitting on the bed to stop yourself from nervously pacing.

He opens the door, pupils blown wide as soon as he sees at you clad in a satin robe and nothing else. “What’s all this about.”

“Your birthday, Chief.” You say innocently, looking up at him with eyes that say the opposite.

Hopper furrows his brows for a second and opens his mouth to say something, but closes it. “What’s wrong, sir.” You ask, staring at the ridge in his uniform. Hopper notices, because his face turns an obvious shade of red.

“I’m slightly disappointed you didn’t get me cake is all.” He jokes, huffing out a big breath of air when you drop to your knees in front of him.

Before anything else happens, you slip off the robe. Hoppers eyes open wide, preparing himself for your mouth. “Relax birthday boy,

I'm not going *anywhere*."

He physically reacts to your words, uncontrollably moving his hips forward a little bit. You unbutton his slacks and unzip them, pulling them to his feet. Palming his half-hard cock through his boxers elicits a deep, manly groan from his throat that sends shocks of need to your now dripping pussy.

"Someones eager," You say with obvious lust in your voice. All he does in response is thrust against your hand, proving your point even further. You kiss his bulge before pulling the band of his underwear past his erection. "I love your cock." You hum, dragging your tongue across the head. He must've liked what he heard, because he makes a low, gruff noise.

Trailing kisses from the head down his shaft, Hopper lets out a lengthy groan, craving more of your tongue and mouth. He braces himself on the doorframe with one arm, holding the back of your head with the other.

You cup his balls, stroking and twisting your hand around the base of his cock. Hopper makes a deliciously masculine sound as you took the tip of his cock into your mouth, swirling your tongue in circles. He tilts his head back, letting a desperate moan pour from parted lips.

You make eye contact with him when the head of his cock hits the roof of your mouth. Staring up at him, batting your lashes, you can taste the pre-cum leaking from his hardened dick. The sight nearly makes him come on spot. You feel his balls tighten, knowing he's close. "Don't stop... *Fuck*." Hopper growls through gritted teeth.

Tapping his hand, you give him silent permission to use your throat. His fingers entwine in your hair. Hopper thrusts into your mouth, gripping your hair while filling your throat with his entire length.

The feeling of your throat gagging around his cock pushes him over the edge. Hopper comes an impressive amount into your mouth. You try your best to swallow it all, only letting a small amount dribble down your chin. "That was fucking... Holy shit." Hopper pants, still recovering from his orgasm.

You come off his cock with a *pop*, "Happy birthday, baby." Hopper slides his thumb across your chin, gathering the cum you didn't swallow. He pushes it past your lips and you take it willingly, humming around it. He moans again, pulling his thumb from your mouth.

You stand up and wrap your arms around his waist, looking up at him. He brings his lips to yours for a brief kiss, "I love you."

Smiling, you move your arms from his waist to around his neck. "I love you too." You say, bringing your lips back to his.